dinsburg.

D. S. Richardson, Sheriff, Union Star. Departies—C. M. McGlethlan, Union Star; John Alexander, Hardinaburg; C. W. Moorman, Cloverport, and G. W. Beard, Hardinaburg.

Court convenes second Mendays in April and November, and continues two weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT. Hun. J. A. Murray, Judge, Cloverport, Hon. Joseph Hayaraft, Attorney, Owensboro, E. Board, Dierk, Hardinsburg. John Siaton, Julio, Hardinsburg. Court begins first Mondays in June and De-ember, and continues two weeks, each term.

ILES B COUNTY COURT. Mitton Board, Judge, Hardinsburg. G. P. Jolly, Clerk, Hardinsburg. W. K. Barnes, Attorney, Hardinsburg. Court begins on the third Monday in conth.

QUARTERLY COURT. Convenes fourth Mondays in March, Jur September and December. COURT OF CLAIMS. Sits the third Mondays in January and No-

COUNTY OFFICERS. Len Cashman, Assessor, Webster. J. B. Hoard, Surveyor, Bewlevville. Harvey Brumfield, Coroner, Union Star N. Mc. Mercer, School Commissioner,

CHURCH DIRECTORY. HARDINSBURG CIRCUIT.

Methodist Episcopal Church (South),—Rev. W. W. Lambert, Pastor, Hardinsburg preach-ing 4th Sabbath in each month, at 11 o'clock a. m, and at 7 o'clock p.m. Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock p.m.; Dr. J. M. Taylor, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday

night.

Oskland—Preaching every 4th Sabbath at 3 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Mt. Zien—Preaching every 1st Sabbath at 11 o'clock m. Sabbath School every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m.; Dr. R. O. Pulliam, Hassistandent.

Cave Spring—Preaching every 1st Sabbath afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Webster—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and at night.

Webster—Preaching every 2d Sabbath at 11
o'clock a. m., and at night.
Union Star—Preaching overy 3d Sabbath at
at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Sabboth School every Sunday morning at 9½
o'clock.; Richard Cox, Superintendent. Class
meetings every 1st and 3d Sabbaths. Prayer
meeting every Thursday night. CLOVERPORT

Baptist Church, Rev. A. J. Miller, Pastor.

—Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday-School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.; R. R. Pierce, Superintendent.

p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morn-ing at 10½ o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday moring at 9 o'clock; Jno. A. Mur-Jay, Superintendent. Catholic Church, Rt. Rev. T. J. Jenkins,

Pastor.—Services the 1st Sabbath in every month, and on the Monday after the third Sunday in every month,

J.C.BABBAGE, Attorney at Lav

CLOVERPORT, KY

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1

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

toward her.

two pies.

Independent in all things, Neutral in nothing; Principles, not party; Men, not availability.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1879.

The Song.

Some One calls the tide, when in its flowing It hath touched the limits of its bound; Some great Voice; and all the billows, and wing What omnipotence is in that sound, Haston back to ocean, none delaying For man's profit, pleasuring or doubt—Backward to their source, not one wave stray-

And the tide is out. Some One calls the soul o'er life's dark over When its tide breaks high upon the land, And it listens with such glad emotion As the "called" alone can understand—

JOHN DAX. A Romance of Poverty.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER II .- MB. DAX'S DECEASE. When it was Ellen Morison's turn to keep watch and ward behind the counter of the ittle shop in Gibbon Street, John Dax saw

R. R. Pierce, Superintendent.

Methodist Church (South), Rev. J. L. Edrington, Pastor.—Preaching the 1st and 3d Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock p. m. Preaching every 2d and 4th Sabbaths at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. Sabbath School every Sabbath evening at 3 o'clock; P. V. Duscan, Superintendent. Regular preaching at Holt's Bottom the 2d Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m., and at Liberty the 4th Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. B. McDonald, Pastor.—Preaching every 3d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every 3d and 4th Sabbaths at 11 o'clock a. m., and at 7 o'clock p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday morn-

"Yes-there is-a little the matter," he said in a hesitating manuer.
"Are you ill?" asked Ellen Morison.

but the old un is." . TOTHER HALL

"Yes; he's going off the hooks at last. John was not refined in his discourseeven in his grief the poor fellow was slangy; and there was real grief at the bottom of his heart for the man who had brought him

fort to him, quoted one or two texts applicable to his condition, and stitched on in her usual swift and silent manner. John listened, nodded gravely, and went away returned a moment afterward, and leaned across the counter to say, in a husky voice,

'Miss Mary; she was asking after the guvnor last week."

equiescence.

'She is well, I suppose?' asked John glancing askance at the wire blind. She is quite well, thank you," answer

fancied" said John.

Miss Morison did not reply to this, and John, after waiting a minute, as if for his answer, took himself off the premises. He went straight to the squalid he

"off the hooks" as rapidly as possible, and in a manner as uncomfortable to himself was possible for him to select. Mr. Dax, lean claw clutching at each side of the sheets, with his crutch across his knees, son. He had not loved his son John in his bad lifetime; in his dying moments he was equally consistent, and he swore at him hard and fast when the death-rattle in his

throat ceased sufficiently to allow of a clear

expression of opinion. He told John as well as his failing bre

them to the outer grace.

The lodgers in the same house in the same court, crept in one by one to look at the old man, almost choked up the little

told thenrall again that he was not going to die, and cursed them for coming in to contradict him. When he got very weak, and there were all the pillows and bundles in the room at the back of him to prop him in the position which he had assumed, and to which he faintly clung still, he called John to him and asked how much mone he had earned that day.

John told him he had earned nothing,

upon which he began to whimper, seeing, as he said, nothing but the workhouse ahead of him with such a beastly, lazy son upon his hands. Presently he wandered in his mind, and talked about his mattress being uncomfortable for him, and then of bequeathing his mattress to some hospital, so that his son should not have the enjoyment of it after him, but lie like a dog in the streets and on the stones. After which he let himself completely free of "the hooks," protesting to the last that he was never better in his life, and that he should go out to-morrow, if it was fine, and sing "Poor Tom

Bowling" down the Borough.

The next morning John Dax knocked the door of the repository, and was agreeably surprised to find it was Mary Morison who admitted him. He had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier than usual, and Mary was the first down stairs.

"You are before your time, John," she of the shutters. "Yes, I thought I'd come earlier-

couldn't rest." "What is the matter, then?" "The guvnor died in the night. I said

that he would." "Your father dead?" exclaimed Mary. I am very sorry for you.' "Thank you," answered John; "it's kind of Gibbon Street just then. to say so. You've been expecting it, may-

"Didn't Miss Ellen tell you last night I thought it would be soon?"

"No."
"Oh! she forgot, I s'pose."
"Very likely," answered Mary; "she i busy just now.

John thought of this reply after he had taken the shutters down, and was disposed to believe that there was a lack of sympathy with his orphanage, until Mary said: "Is there any thing I can do to help you

in this distress, John?" "God bless yer, miss, nothink," he blurted "I'm afraid you can not do much for

"I must leave it to the parish," said John; "they won't do it werry neat-but I ain't going in for style!"

When John Dax got home, he found that the parish officials had been extra diligent in the matter of his father's decease, and had already deposited the defunct gentleman in a long and high-shouldered watch box, which was smeared with slate colored paint to give it a mourning aspect. They and numbered the box 3, and scrawled Dax in chalk on the lid, and had left notice with about it ?" t down stairs lodger that the funeral would take place to-morrow, with five more ladies and gentlemen in a similar unpleasant condition, at the parish cemetery at three in the afternoon, and that Mr. John Dax had better be there to the minute if he thought it worth his while to attend.

Mennwhile, Mr. Dax; senior, was left in a corner of the room to be fetched as soon as the registration of death was effected, and two other little jobs in the same court had been finished with extraordinary punctual ity and dispatch, the weather being warm, an epidemic raging in the Lambeth slums, and one or two vestrymen living too close to them to be comfortable.

John Dax sat down on the corner of the old brown mattress, from which they had taken his father, and tried to think it all out as well as his poor faculties would allow, mixing up the death in Glander's Court with the life that went on in Gibbon Street in a strange fashion, and feeling the loss of

his father, and of his father's tyranny, in a strange fashion, too. He did not shed any tears—he would have been puzzled to know what he should cry for, the absence of Mr. Dax in the flesh was even then a relief to him-but he was dull and dispirited for all that, and the old room did not seem the same to him.

He sat and picked with his fingers the rough canvass of the mattress in a medita-tive fashion, and with his eyes fixed on the fingers; he had plucked out fragments of a dirty greasy flock with which the mattress was stuffed, when he suddenly touched something round and smooth and cold-small disk of metal, another and another them with his crutch.

John Dax remained his meek and uncomplaining son to the last; his father's objurgations did not affect him; his wish to be

of a life-the explanation of his father's dirty room at times, so carious were they about him, and so interested in the future of poor John. They were of all shades of poverty, of houesty and dishonesty, but by and belonging to him who had never

they were all interested in the decease of known what the sole possession of five cried Mary, indignantly. "Who told you Mr. Dax, and were, a few of them, so dis- shilling was like before that day. All law- to enter? What do you want?" regardful of Mr. Dax's feelings as to confully belonging to him, how much in fargratulate the son on getting rid at last of things; or sixpences, or even shilling, to I'm going to be away a bit, and I want you the old brute. Meanwhile the old brute constitute such a heap as this, he wondered. to mind this till I come back." raved and shricked and blasphemed, and He swung himself round at last, and tore open the sacking with both hands. Great God! sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and some small packets of bank-notes tied round with little bits of twine! Was it all a dream, and had he fallen asleep after a night's long watching? Was somebody playing him a trick? Had Lambeth parish been taken with a larky fit? Had there been a robbery somewhere in the neighbor bood, and was this the "swag" concealed here by some of his father's pals? Was his father the receiver of stolen goods? Was the devil at the bottom of it all?

John Dax could have fainted away over the discovery in his weakness and surprise but voices on the stairs and feet shuffling about there recalled him to consciousness and a keen sense of the necessity for haste even for secrecy. There were people in the property would be far from safe if this were known; the parish might wish to make a fuss about it; the Queen, for what he knew might call to claim it-he had heard stories of the kind; and to prove even his own kinship to the miser would have been quite beyoud his powers. The less said about this, the better; and then the two gals in Gibbon Street, purhaps some day the better for it too-at all events one of 'em, God bless her! His thoughts went away to Gibbon Street as he gathered his wealth together said, as she began to unscrew the inner bolt He did not consider how he might be bene fited himself by this great change in his fortunes; for a man who had lived so hard, and fought so hard with life, he was singu-

larly unselfish.

He knew that he was rich—very rich comparison with his past career—he could count two hundred pounds in gold and notes, he was sure, but he could only think

CHAPTER HI,-LEFT IN TRUST.

but this time accompanied by a deputyan overgrown, bullet-headed youth of stolid aspect. John came in with his face very white and his hands shaking with excite-ment, and Ellen Morison, at her old post drinking.

the lurch," he said at once; "but I ain't up to the shutter business—I nin't well— I've been florried and flustered, and some think has appened and took me off my feet, and off my head, I think. I can't tell you

began to ery, keeping all the noise to himself, and only gurgling internally now and then.

"I'm better now-don't mind me," he said at last.

"Yes; didn't Miss Mary tell you all Ellen Morison hesitated for an instant as if there were a difficulty in replying to this question

"I told her this morning when I came t

Miss Morison, sadly.

this, but some think else, which I'll let you know of presently—not now, I'm too flustered-wait a bit."

mind his doing the work for a day or two till the funeral's over?" he said, dragging forward his deputy by the fragile lapel of wouldn't have brought him, 'pon my soul.'

old fashien. It was a habit of John Dax to come back for a last word or to hazard a final remark, and even in his excitement be seemed bound to reappear. On this occasion it was with a purpose, at any rate.

"I nearly forgot it," he said, as he stopped and took up a bundle from the floor. put it down when I came in fust, and there I might have left it altogether-only at the corner of the street I thought of it. What a lack to leave it there!" And, to the surprise of the listener, he began laughing so bysterically that it was a mercy when he had come to a full stop.

seemed very heavy and very tightly tied together and pushed it toward Ellen Morison. "Will you ask Miss Mary to take care of this till I come back again?" he said. "Will you-will you mind my giving it her my-

took the liberty of walking to the parlor door, turning the handle, and entering the room where Mary Morison was supposed to be at work. But Mary was sitting at the table with her work unheeded on her lap, and her hands spread before her face. John thought she was saleep, till the hands dropped and showed she had been crying, and then John said, quickly, "Oh, Miss Mary, what is it with

what is it?" and forgot his bundle till it fell with a crash on the floor. How dare you come into the

rimming, are preferred for traveling use. Transparent colored curtains of Madras

on the left hip, is a late Paris freak.

Summer costumes are trimmed with con trasting colors; plain materials are trimmed with brocade; and brocade with plain velvet

tion of black net, and sew it on the edge like fringe.

Fans are made of chintz to match dresses and the chatelaine by which they hang is of the same ribbon as the bows worn elsewhere

simple than those for walking purposes Neither feathers nor frail ornaments ar employed, but strong bows, birds, birds wings and gauze scarfs around the crown are preferred.

grandmothers' time and lace shawls, are drawn into folds on the shoulders, and worn so that the point only reaches to the waist in the back. The ends in front are fastened under the belt. The latest hosiery comes in delicate

Crape—the old-fashioned crape of ou

shades of cream, light blue and pink, and gray. The Balbriggans are shown in deep ecru, almost as deep as old gold, and are embroidered in vines up the front or each side with black and colored silks.

Roman sashes are worn in the careles Oriental style, loose about the hips, and with a large knot and long ends hanging down on one side. These and black satin sashes are worn with light or white dresses.

Historical subjects and landscapes are rinted on fans, and many well known rench artists are employed in this art. In olden times such artists as Watteau Boucher and Laucret made the designs which skillful artists afterward painted.

"I-I beg parding-I am very rude; but The easiest method of removing rust from iron is rubbing it with a rag dipped in oil "What is it. John?" asked Mary, softenof tartar. The rust will disappear immeing at his appeal, and at his wistful looks

"I want you to mind It, not the t'other boiling water to cover, stand till cold, then one," he said: "to keep it and what's in it if

> with a little blueing, and about as warm as party the water they were washed in.

times wish to give silver a little brightening earring. without going through all the ceremonies of formal cleaning, and this can be easily managed by the use of a silver cloth. Take two ounces of powdered bartshorn, and boil it in a pint of water. Dip small squares of cloth in the liquid, and bang them up to dry without wringing

SUPERIOR STARCE POLISH - Take of white vax one ounce, spermaceti two ounces and in it. The iron must not be too hot or it will search; if it is a little too cool the polish will be longer coming.

BRINE THAT WILL KEEP EGGS SIX MONTHS on Mone-Take a pail, or an earthen jar is better, as it is less absorbing, cooler, and will not stain contents; into it put one quart lard, (or fried meat drippings will do,) put of lime; to this add water gradually until it it on the stove let it come to a boil, after it boils; then stir until the lime is dissolved cools add two teaspoons of ginger, two of then add one tablespoonful Ashton's sait soda, and mix quite stiff, rolled thin, baked stirring well, and when boiling has ceased. gradually add five gallons water. The following day, when cool, the lime and salt having been of the right kind; there will be found on the surface a coating as of ice; break this gently and you will have a brine as clear as water, the lime having gone to them in cold water until wanted; then take the bottom. This is sufficient brine to fill them out and wipe them by putting them a ten gallon jar with eggs. Into this jar in a towel and lightly rubbing them; have should first be put a thin layer of the slacked -laying them in gently so as to avoid breaking-for broken eggs will spoil and make the brine unfit for use. As the eggs are added, so add brine until within two inches of the top. Put on clean muslin cover an inch more in diameter than the outer dimensions of the jar; tuck it in snugly; on this put the remainder of the slacked lime, which scals it, and the eggs are pickled for just so long as you keep the sealing lime wet by frequently adding slightly salted water. Eggs preserved in this way will not boil unless pierced on the large or air end with a pin.

Gour Mixture.-Wine of colchicum one ounce; spirits of nitrous ether, one ounce; iodine of potassium, two scruples; distilled water, two ounces. Mix. A tea-

To thicken the hair and prevent it from turning gray, pour boiling water on a quantity of sage leaves, and let them remain ome time in the oven, or near a stove, strain and apply to the roots of the hair daily. If any pomade be needed, an equal mixture of coconut and olive oils with a little perfume, is very efficient.

DELICACIES FOR THE SICK. CURRANT SHRUB .- Make the same as jelly, ut boil only ten minutes, then bottle and cork tight. Add two tablespoonfuls of the shrub to a half glass of ice water and have some bits of cracked ice in it.

Raspberry vinegar, raspberry jelly, o pasted-brend, very brown and thoroughly dried, and made into a tea by pouring boiling water over it and letting it stand until it gets quite cool, will all make very nice

Break a fresh egg in a tumbler, mix with a conversation took place: "Well, Judge little sugar, beat to a strong froth, and add how is business?" Dull, dull; I am liva very little ice-water if liked, or it may be ing on faith and hope!" "Very good, but taken without this addition. CHICKEN BROTH .- Cut up a chicken,

sprinkle a little salt over it, and put it into three quarts of cold water and set it on a I am reminded of an incident which touched en water to thin it. You may thin it with Chreie awhile " and then as she see

Walkit and Jest

Tell menot with painted pictures. a war Circures are what they seem;
Too the and sees through such matures,
And circus bills are but a dream.

Small for its eyes - A young owl. The Book of Numbers - An arithmetic Nover make light of a lautern-jawed man The Chillian war was brought on by the

fates phosphates 710 AUG

The fattest bog bas the most winning weigh.

Hope is the sugar conting on the pill of History and knowed true veryon all "the

Hunted down-the first indications of a pustached maini empany has ere The Peruvians secta to have backed up

the wrong enemy. The circus posters give a decided warmth to the atmosphere:

Even a deaf pilot, says the Uties Ob-server, can always tell Long Island by the The mosquite, like the rest of the ashobs, Early to bed and early to rise embles a

den.

The "road agents" out West scour the country before cleaning out a traveling

We presume that it is because the coral is a kind of fish, that it makes the best red Spicer, of the Boston Transcript, says

the young lady who married her father's coachman was driven to it. "Darling, isn't this an excellent photograph of me?" "Why, no, wife; there is too much repose about the mouth."

One of the earliest female archery clubs the field with her Boaz and harrows,

More people should die on Saturday than white cake that will not mould or sour even any other day; it's the recognized ead of the weak.

creases the gloss or polish. The best kind Now that the ice cream season has set in,

An Irishman said that if Queen Victoria dampen with a perfectly clean, soft, white, did not die soon the Prince of Wales would damp cloth, then rub with the polishing iron live long enough to see his son made King-An elephant was burned to death in Detroit the other day while trying to get his trunk out of a burning building.

"I vote the way I shot," is sometimes said by a man who, when the war broke out,

shot for Canada. We should think the conductor's wife would be jealous of her lord. He is always looking after the fare, you know. Perpetual motion has at last been secom plished. Indianapolis has a female sexton

and now one belle tolls the other. "Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

Out in West Philadelphia yesterday a man knocked a three-story house down with a single blow of a hammer -he was an auc-

tioneer. the phrase "funeral obsequies," and another one speaks of "green verdure." Shan't be urprised to see 'em advertising soapy soap

An editor has one advantage over a king. When the editor goes out riding in his open barouche drawn by four milk-white steeds, he is never shot at by a socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.

The man, says the Norristown Herald. who bored the first oil well is still alive and residing at B. thlebem, Pa. The man who bored the first editor went to his grave years ago, "unwept, unbonored and unhung."

A Michigan girl coaxed her lover to take her carriage riding, and the horse ran away and killed her. Showing this parapraph to the girls will be thousands of dollars in the pockets of our young men.

A tramp applied to a lady for something to cat. "Why don't you go to work?" asked she. "There's nothing doing at my trade spoonful in camomile tea two or three times just now." "What is your business? Holding election tickets at the corners." A man coming out of a newspaper office with his nose spread all over his face, re-

plied to a policeman who interviewed him,

I didn't like an article that 'peared in the

paper last week, an' I went in ter see the oun who writ, au he war there!" Grandma perceives her hopeful grandso at the window, with a watering-pot sprink-'Child alive what are you doing?' exclaimed the old lady. "I'm playing God

grandma, and now I'm making it rain!" The wheelbarrow is the most useful and elegant appendage of a well-regulated back yard. Any one coming in contact with one on a very dark night can not fail to be struck foreibly with the truth of this remark. He'll tumble to it at once.

A logal gentleman met a brother lawyer Raw egg is a restorative to strength, on Court street last week, and the following I have got past you, for I'm living on char-

quick fire. When it comes to a boil set it me very much at the time, and may find a where it will only simmer. When the responsive chord in the bearts of some meat is cooked tender you can take out the who are parents. I was sitting on my porch white parts letting the rest remain until it on a pleasant summer morning, when up is boiled from the bones. Mince fine the runs little 5-year old Bell intent on a visit parts and then pound it in a mortar, adding as you pound it sufficient of the chicks she asks. "may I go over and play with water until it becomes liquid enough to discern a dissent in my face, she put he drink. Put it in a sauce pan and boil it a little rosebud lips to mine, and quickly few minutes. This is called chicken panada, and taken in small quantities, will be minute first. Was there ever a more found very nutritions. The broth may be da, and, taken in small quantities, will be found very nutritions. The broth may be thickened a little with rice, or may have some brend tonsted very brown, not burned, and broken up in the bettern of the soup plate, and then broth poured over it.

Some new waists are not only faced at the back, but have vests of face ast in front, over which the waist seems faced with flat galloon.

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT. Full white moon upon a waste of ocean, High full tide upon the sandy shore; In the lisher's cot, without a motion, Waiteth he that shall never sail more— Waiteth he, and one sad comrade, sighing, Speaking lowly, says, "Without a doubt He will rest soon; some One calls the dying When the tide goes out,"

Listens, hastens to its source of being, Leaves the sands of Time without a doubt, While we sadly wait, as yet but seeing That the tide is out.

The Story.

"No, I ain't ill," answered John Dax "Your father?"

up badly, and been never grateful for a son's Etlen Morison said a few words of

"Tell whom?" asked Ellen Morison, sur

Ellen moved her head slightly, as if in

the clder sister.
"She was looking very pale last week,

where Mr. John Dax, senior, was getting and to those concerned in his decease as it senior, could not lie composedly in his bed, but insisted upon sitting in a half-upright condition in the very center of it, with a aul two small eyes blinking furtively at his

would permit that he was not going to die; that he had no intention of making himself that he had no intention of making himself such an infernal fool as that to please any body; that the parish doctor was a howling idiot, and didn't know his business; and that John had been the worst fool and idiot of the whole kit of 'em in Glander's Court to fetch a doctor to see what was the matter with him, when there wasn't any blarmed the mattress into a hole with his nervous oming thing the matter, as any one could see. He could set up; he was strong and jolly as ever, and meant to sit up too; and if they tried to make him lie down and go to sleep—why he didn't want to go to small disk of metal, another and another, sleep—a'elp every thing he knew, he'd brain a heap of them lying closely packed to-

complaining for to the last; his father's objurgations did not affect him; his wish to be of service to the dying man was only the more strikingly apparent as the hours drew on apace carrying this harsh life along with them to the outer gates.

The lodgers in the same house in the same court, crept in one by one to look at the life along with the cld man almost choked on the life along with the lodgers in the same house in the same court, crept in one by one to look at the life along with the lodgers in the same house in the life along with the look at what he had discovered; he would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at the moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at that moment, sitting there applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at the court of the same applies the would have made a fine study for Cruikshauk at the court of the same applies the court of the same applies the same applies the court of the same applies the court of the same

you don't see me any more-that's all. Good-bye." "What is it?" repeated Mary, curiously. But John did not answer her. He backed out of the shop and ran away from Gibbon Street, and it was six mouths before the

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Cooking Recipes.

BUTTERMILE PIE.—One cup sugar, two

cups buttermilk, two eggs, two tablespoon-

fuls butter; flavor with lemon. This makes

CREAM RICE PUDDING.-Wash four

unces of rice through two waters, put it in

dress-makers saw him again.

In the evening John Dax came slowly, usual, into the little shop in Gibbon Street. behind the counter, thought he had been

"I couldn't stop away and leave you i

his side of the counter, and he dropped into it, spread his thin hands before his face, and

'In your father dead?' asked Ellen Mor

"No she did not," was the decisive an open the shop, and she seemed cut up to

hear it." "We have lost a father, too, John," said "I'm glad of that—I mean I'm glad you know what my feelings is about it. Not that that's floored me all of a heap like

"I should go home and rest," Miss Morison suggested, still with the idea on her mind that grief had driven John Dax to the gin-shop.
"I will—thankee—I will. You won't

his jacket. "He is to be trusted, or I He went away, to return again after his

He placed the bundle on the counter-i

And then, for the first time in his life

baking dish with three ounces of sugar and a teaspoonful of flavoring; pour in three pints of milk, and put into a moderate oven, to bake one hour and a half, or until it is of a creamy consistency. This is

SOFT GINGER BREAD.—Three eggs, threefourths of a cup of lard and butter, one pint of New Orleans molasses, one pint of sour milk and one cup of brown sugar, a small teaspoonful of baking sods, enough flour to make a batter, and cinnamon and ginger to taste. Indian Loar.-Take one pint of sour

very delicate and wholesome.

milk, one-half pint of sweet milk, one teacupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one large teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, one pint of wheat flour, one quart of yellow Indian meal; bake in a deep tin basin in an oven of the same heat as for cake, for one and a half hours. GINGER SNAPS WITHOUT EGGS OR MILK.-

Take two cups of molasses and one cup of

quick. They are just superb, we think. Put in a jar and cover tightly, they will keep brittle and nice any length of time. SARATOGA POTATUES .- Peel and wash the potatoes and cut them into thin slices. This may be done with the slaw-cutter; lay swim the potatoes; when boiling hot, drop in a few at a time and let them brown; then lift them out with a fork, so as to drain off the fat; set them in the oven to keep hot. If properly done, they will be crisp and

Jashion Motes.

Rosewood is taking the place of black alnut in furniture.

Almost any kind of large bib or collar shionable with dark dresses. "Chapeau dessert" is the Parisian name or the hats decorated with berries. Untrimmed round skirts, with little or no

cloth are pretty for summer and are very cool looking. Wide sashes, worn straight around the hips, and fastened with large fancy buckles

A pretty way to trim fichus or mantelets with lace, is to quill three rows on a founda-

on the costume. Bonnets for traveling are much more

With black dresses, gay Wattenu and

For light mourning are very dressy bonnets of black chip, trimmed with black China crape, edged with black Breton lace. The crape is turned around the crown and held by jet stars. A wing is stuck in the back quite low down, or else a black jet

The Mousewife.

To WASH FLANSEL .- Put it in a pail, pour

wash. To CLEAN THE HAIR. - Two parts castile oap, one part salaratus, one pint water. Red flannels shrunk in boiling soft water will soon make his hurs by the sea. they will not shrink or fade. I shrink mine before making up; it sets the color and they follow to keep the chickens out of the gardo not shrink any more, For white flannel, I wash it in strong soap suds, as warm as the hands will stand; rinse in weak suds,

To CLEAN SILVER.-Housekeepers some-

a good pinch of salt. Mix and melt them together, and when cold it will be a hard. in hot weather. Put a piece the size of a the weak.

pea in the hot starch that is intended for Some newspaper advertisers put blood every three or four shirts. When ironing purifiers under the head of "Humorous go over it a second time quickly, which in- Articles." of polishing iron is the one with a bulge at it will be well to announce a grand opening both ends—a kind that costs a dollar at the in spring pocket-books. hardware store. Iron it well once, then until it is so glossy you can see your face

Home Doctor.

refreshing drinks for an invalid.